Northampton June 19. 1845

Dear Friend

I rec'd your kind invitation to attend the N E Convention but not till after the day on which it was to assemble, by reason of your not living in the Post at usual time. My engagements would not however have permitted me to respond in person had I rec'd it in season. It would have been a real pleasure to have done so; and under other circumstances I should not have waited for an invitation. Sometime back I thought that I should meet again my anti slavery friends (still friends if constant affection on my part can make them so) on that occasion I infer from the abuse the Convention rec'd that it was interesting and effective. I wish as earnestly as

any one loving the destruction of this igno
minious and most accursed Union. I have
for long years regarded it as an obscene
and bloody idol to which human sac-
rifices are offered; but I did hope that
the exorbitant and degrading demands
that the slaveholders would someday
in their madness make upon the North
would arouse it. I have been disap-
pointed as I presume they have at
the extent of Northern servility. Kick
me such a parcel of tame and vaporing
scoundrels! "I would as soon move
a dish of skimmed milk to an honora-
ble action". Where is the famous
Faneuil Hall Committee, & Phillips
judge Allen &c? There is one comfort
in the case. The North (Mass not
excepted) has shown itself eminently
fit to be dragged at the tail of the
Southern car in a career of conquest
the most infamous that was ever

undertaken upon earth, or by demons
devils above or under it. The wickedness
will meet its due punishment in its own
enormity. The avalanche will fall by its
own weight and I am inclined to think
by nothing else. I had a faint but
much cherished hope that the dignity
and fair fame of our own beloved state
would be preserved whatever might betide
In this too I have been
disappointed. "But why
should honor outlive
honesty?"

"Old mother Hubbard, went to her cup-
board"; and old mother Briggs, (forgive
me all ~~of that~~ old mothers) and old
mother Hoar and ten thousand more
are very little better. The South has
always maintained a better front in the
wrong than the North in the right. Slave-
ry had done its work upon the morale of
the free long before an abolitionist raised
his voice. Where under the sun is John
Quincy? Or "last words" dying speech?"

Where is that exposition he mourned when he turned his back in the fight? I feel like the desperate Scotchman, a "if I could stand up against a post and damn every thing". I almost wish the Indians had mapped the puritans, and I decidedly

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June 19. 1845
2 P.M.

with the revolution had failed; but I wish to be kindly remembered to your dear sisters, whose magic circle would have drawn me to Boston, if the convention would not. could I have possibly left home. Ever yr sincere friend
D L Child

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